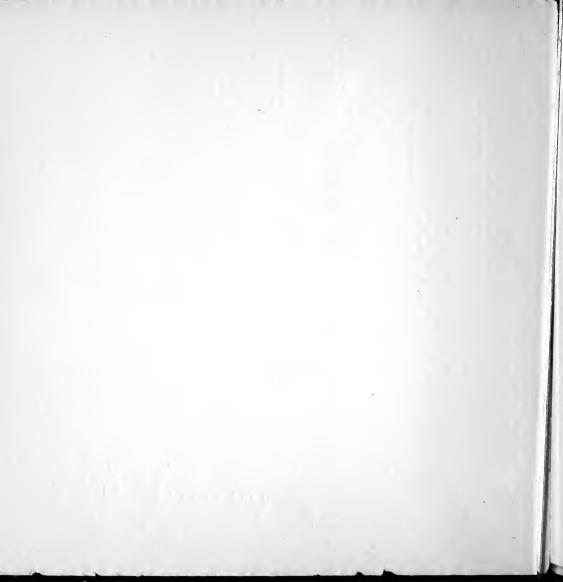
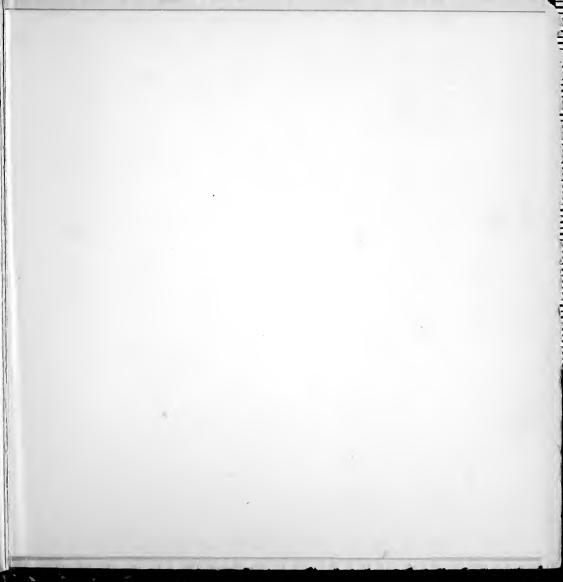
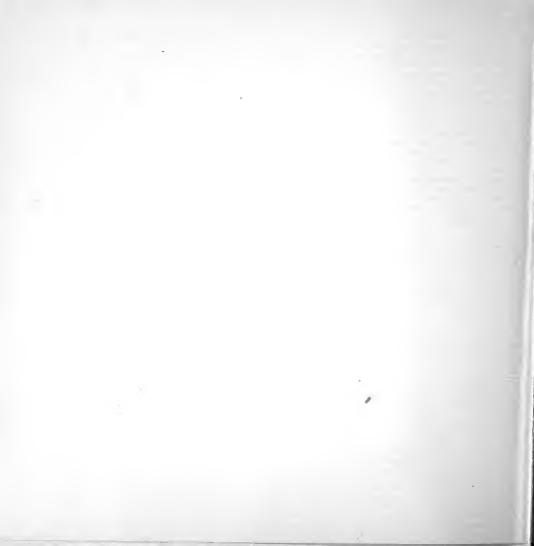
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Holiday Joys.







FOLIDAY JOYS.

Anne El, Me Gussen



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Ow the Christmas-tide is come,
Christmas holidays are here,
Dearest to the school-boy heart
Of all the days throughout the year.

Through the house glad voices ring, Shouts and laughter fill the air.



N and out they run with glee,

Rought to do but romp and play,

Jumble in the yielding snow,

Jump and frolic all the day;

Shape the snow in giant forms,

Build huge forts of towering might,

Storm, and take the opposing foe,

Polic in a snow-ball fight.



OMES a youngster down the road,

 Θ_n shining snow-shoes treading light,

Quick the others flock around,

Eager for the wondrous sight.

Clothed in flannel, warm and snug.

Bordered bright with colored bands,

Gayly tipped with sash and ball,

Proud, the little hero stands.



POYISH faces gleam with mirth.

Cheeks with ruddy color glow,

Warm, the jackets buttoned tight,

Warm, the boyish hearts below.

Christmas-time is all for fun,

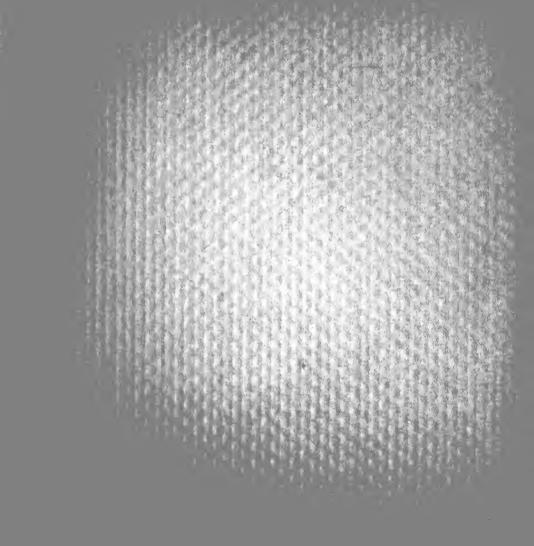
Christmas comes but once a year.

Wished for, longed for, when afar,

Hailed with wild delight when near

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN





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